



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

PR4649  
E5C6

STANFORD  
LIBRARIES

COUNSEL FOR COTTAGERS

AND

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LANDLORDS

---

R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON



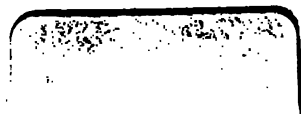
In memory of

Lawrence D. Dunham

from a gift by

Mr. Robert M. Bacon

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES









COUNSEL FOR COTTAGERS  
AND  
A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LANDLORDS.





# COUNSEL FOR COTTAGERS

AND

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LANDLORDS.

BY

R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.



LONDON :

PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1887.

AD 2270







## COUNSEL FOR COTTAGERS.



WORKMAN worth your weight in gold,  
Good Samuel, think not over bold  
Your Master, if his friendly pen  
For you and for your fellow men—  
For all who by their labour live—  
A word of honest counsel give.

No harm I trust in my intent,  
And, since the Vicar gives consent,  
A homely Sermon I propose  
To preach in verse, instead of prose.  
To Nan, while she her needle threads,  
This read, till nodding both your heads.  
No doctrine to perplex your brain ;  
The practice that I preach is plain—

Plain as the needlework she sews,  
Which needs no spectacles on nose.  
If more than you, by toil opprest,  
Can easily at once digest ;  
My sermon into portions split,  
And read it over, bit by bit.

The text that I shall take is this,  
Writ in the Book of Genesis ;  
See chapter three, and verse nineteen,  
Words speaking clearly what they mean :  
“ By sweat thy bread thou here shalt earn,  
Till thou again to dust return.”

Attention, first, lest sin ensnare,  
Devoutly give to praise and prayer.  
Thank, on your knees, the GOD of Heaven  
Each morn for rest to labour given ;  
And ask, ere labour you begin,  
For health and strength your bread to win.  
With cheerful heart then take the field,  
Skill'd in each weapon that you wield,  
Or axe, or bill-hook, spade, or rake,  
To fell, to delve, to tine and stake  
The hedge, or summer hay to make.

With whomsoever you engage,  
Give honest work for honest wage ;  
If e'er in idleness detected,  
Or chidden for some task neglected,  
Though nettled conscience feel the smart,  
Curse not the master in your heart ;  
Nor vent your wrath in oath outright  
Of loud abuse, when out of sight :  
The inward curse, the outward oath,  
A God there is Who heareth both.

When threatening clouds a shower denote,  
Ere quite wet through, put on your coat ;  
'Tis better for yourself and master,  
Than, later on, the " Poor Man's Plaister."

When, down the pathway, bustling Nan  
At noon-day brings the dinner-can,  
How many a pamper'd son of wealth  
Would envy then your vigorous health,  
And envy too, as well he might,  
The vigour of your appetite.

To betters met upon the way  
Take off your hat and bid " good day ;"

*COUNSEL FOR COTTAGERS.*

Not that in worth they better be  
Than you, but it is Heaven's decree  
That all men should, in their gradation,  
Due honour yield to every station.  
And, though your years have reach'd four score,  
And doctors ne'er have cross'd your door,  
Reject not, till on death-bed laid,  
The visit by the parson paid.  
For, with a body sound and whole,  
Some evil may infest your soul ;  
As through a dwelling creeps dry rot  
And spreads decay, though heeded not.

Home straightway trudge when work is o'er,  
Where, latch uplifted, at the door  
Stands Nancy, with a smile to greet  
And welcome back your weary feet ;  
While merry children climb your chair,  
Their father's evening meal to share.

O ! happy circle, happy spot,  
More happy still the owner's lot !  
Can he who, born and nurtur'd there,  
Hath breath'd the breath of heaven's pure air,

In mine or mill his hands engage,  
Entic'd by lure of ampler wage,—  
Wage, which oft straightway from the mill  
Is carried to the Tap-room till ?  
For a few years (say five or ten)  
He pines and struggles, and what then ?  
He who was once a labourer stout,  
A cinder now, the gas burnt out.

A king once Italy o'errun  
Named Attila, a warlike Hun ;  
Who is it comes *our* fields to spoil,  
Invading now our fruitful soil ?  
More pestilent a scourge is he  
Than Attila—King Alkali !  
He comes not hither sword in hand ;  
His breath spreads poison o'er the land ;  
He opens wide his filthy mouth,  
And winds disperse it north and south !  
King Alkali, though England's curse,  
What cares he while he fills his purse ?  
Behold the wide-spread desolation !  
Behold the wither'd vegetation !

The once broad oak a gibbet now,  
With sapless trunk and blighted bough.  
In vain the housewife drains the teat,  
The tainted milk no longer sweet ;  
Rank herbage where the hay crop grew,  
With vitriol fed instead of dew ;  
Oats sulphur-shrivell'd, poison'd wheat,  
Nought left to either sell or eat.

The truth of this let Widnes tell,  
Woe be to those who near it dwell !  
Though many are the ills they share,  
None ever died of sunstroke there ;  
For powerless there the mid-day beam  
To harm them wrapp'd in smoke and steam ;  
They neither need in Widnes street  
The light of sunshine or the heat :  
Their boast that they can both surpass  
With furnace fire and flaming gas.

Ere stifled in this loathsome den,  
Return we to your home again.  
A word in season let me drop,  
Though needless, on your garden crop.

Clothe, shelter'd by the cottage wall,  
One narrow bed, however small,  
With wholesome herb and scented flower.  
Let jessamine the porch embower ;  
Let roses nod against the pane,  
The quarry with their blush to stain ;  
Let sweetbriar shed its fragrance round,  
And violets blue bedeck the ground ;  
Aslant the pointed hedgerow clip ;  
The weeds from every border strip ;  
The orchard stock—excell'd by none,  
The Keswick and the apple John ;  
If well your soil the damson suit,  
In Autumn hung with purple fruit,  
Each bushel will repay you well,  
When they at half-a-guinea sell ;  
Potatoes, such their various kind,  
Be not to one your choice confin'd.

More precious seed, your toil to bless—  
Heartsease, Content, and Happiness—  
Will in that little plot take root,  
Bear brighter bloom and richer fruit,



Than that with lavish gold-dust sown,  
By hands which half a county own.

The model farm has stripp'd you bare ;  
Where all is straight and all is square,  
No inch will the improver spare.  
Fain would I, could I gain the chance,  
Reclaim your lost inheritance ;  
What eye hath not with pleasure seen  
The margin of the wayside green ?  
The hedge where honeysuckles trail,  
The mossy bank, the primrose pale ?  
Who hath not heard, on that blest ground,  
Of childhood's laugh the merry sound ?  
Or seen those tiny hands pick up  
The acorn, tumbled from its cup ?  
Poor things ! what other toys have they,  
What other playground for their play !

It is the poor man's park,—in spite  
Of farm encroachment, his by right.  
Ye Lords, who own the neighbouring land,  
Restrain the Agent's grasping hand ;  
Grudge not the crumbs—a pittance small—  
That from the rich man's table fall ;

And, spite of tyrant laws, allow  
That pasture to the poor man's cow.

Here would I in few words explain  
Your children how to teach and train ;  
Ere yet I end my Sermon, show  
The way they should and should not go.  
Teach first at home that golden rule,  
Worth all that they will learn at school,  
Teach, whether it be yea or nay,—  
Teach them when bidden to obey.

E'en Nan to this assent will nod,  
They spoil the child who spare the rod ;  
For with it, or without it, still  
Subdued must be the stubborn will.  
And yet let kindness cheer the home,  
Lest he with evil comrades roam ;  
As from a viper, bid him shrink  
From every snare that lures to drink ;  
That demon, if it once entice,  
Will lead him on from vice to vice.  
If he should honest spade work shun,  
To handle the night poacher's gun ;

Or if, at length, no shilling left,  
He takes to robbery and theft ;  
Such, though he 'scape the gallows tree,  
Will end in rags and beggary.

Drink is man's curse ; a curse no less  
To woman is the love of dress ;—  
'Twas never meant that village maid  
Should flout in satin and brocade.  
I'd rather meet, at early morn,  
While yet the dew-drop gems the thorn,  
The milkmaid in her cotton vest  
And petticoat of lindsey drest,  
The milkpail pois'd upon her head,  
With rosy health her cheek o'erspread,  
Than see in all the glitt'ring sheen  
Of gold and diamonds Sheba's Queen.  
The love of finery has laid  
In hopeless ruin many a maid.  
Some villain feigns her love to claim,  
Then leaves her friendless in her shame ;  
Betray'd, dishonour'd past recall,  
How speedy then her downward fall !

Despair pursues her wand'ring feet,  
Starvation, or the midnight street.  
O'er such a fate who can forbear  
To shed a tear and breathe a prayer?

Though nought be new in what I've said,  
Yet wholesome 'tis as daily bread.  
With no unwilling ear attend  
To one who claims to be your friend,  
Among you who delights to dwell,  
Who knows you and who loves you well.  
But God in Holy Writ will teach  
More precious lore than I can preach.  
Whate'er the task which you pursue,  
Success to Him alone is due.  
That God Who careth for the poor,—  
Their wage who work for Him is sure.







## A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LANDLORDS.



NOW a hearing from the Landlord crave,  
Who counsel lately to the Labourer gave :  
Indulgent neighbours, censure not my song,  
You need not follow where you think me wrong.

To sunnier clime let those who need it roam,  
No spot so happy as an English home ;  
The summer flowers in radiant beauty clad,  
The social mirth that maketh winter glad,  
The Christmas chimes from village bell-tower ringing,  
Once more glad tidings to the faithful bringing,  
The group close clustered round the blazing fire,  
The child, the mother, and the grey grandsire.  
Dear to our heart the friends we meet elsewhere,  
More fondly welcom'd when we greet them there.

Still strive—when full your hospitable Hall—  
By change of pastime to delight them all ;  
Thwart not your guest whate'er his fancy be,  
If strolling please him let his steps be free ;  
Some, feet on fender, spell the paper o'er ;  
Sky fair or foul some cannot rest indoor ;  
The park, the grounds, the stable, and the farm,  
For varying tastes have each their special charm ;  
What suits the father may not please the son ;  
Talk not to bishops of the last week's run,  
Nor drag the bookworm from his favourite shelf  
To some dull pamphlet written by yourself ;  
To some your house, to some your pictures show,  
Welcome when coming, speed them when they go.  
The season Winter, and if fit the ground,  
To throng the field where gather horse and hound,  
Eager for sport and emulous to ride,  
Some clad in scarlet seek the cover side ;  
Mount the keen schoolboy, if he love the fun,  
But risk no life by lending him a gun.  
If, while impatient at the entrance gate  
The anxious keeper for the shooters wait,  
Should echoing hoof the coming pack proclaim,  
Defer the *battue* nor disturb your game ;

The gun must ever to the horn give way,  
Disband your beaters till the following day.  
In summer morning, with well-chosen fly  
And pliant rod, some seek the brook hard by ;  
Or oft at noontide to the trundled goal  
O'er green close-shaven glides the bias'd bowl.—

Each female whim should to the host be known,  
Some like to talk, some few to bide alone ;  
Well these are few,—for who content would sit  
Or care for converse wanting woman's wit !  
One mounts the coachbox with ambitious stride,  
One, less aspiring, takes her seat inside ;  
One, sweetly gifted with the voice of song,  
Draws gathered round her an applauding throng ;  
Or one there may be, skill'd to touch the string  
Of harp, round whom spell-bound the listeners cling,  
Of all sweet sounds the sweetest to impart  
Through the charm'd ear those tones which touch the heart.  
But sing, or play, or walk, or ride, or drive,  
All need of tea the stimulant at five.  
Should favouring chance have brought two lovers there,  
Let jest nor malice wound the tender pair ;



16      *A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LANDLORDS.*

Should the fond youth in some lone shade have caught  
The blissful hour, long hop'd for and long sought,  
Let none invade the bower where "silver sweet  
Sound lovers' tongues," and hearts responsive beat.

Such are the pleasures he who owns a Hall  
And loves his neighbour may dispense to all ;  
But, if by evil fate compell'd to found  
And build anew his dwelling from the ground,  
(I to skilled knowledge make no vain pretence,  
Still weigh my precepts ere the work commence)  
Who thinks himself he can his house erect  
Employs a noodle for his architect ;  
Choose your own site, adopt what style you will,  
Then counsel take with one of taste and skill.  
Some scene of beauty may your eye delight,  
But with it warmth and cheerfulness unite ;  
By no fair prospect far or near be won  
To turn its aspect from the southern sun ;  
Pure air, pure water, in unstinted flow,  
If wanting these, at once the site forego ;  
Dig deep the space betwixt the earth and floor,  
Then mount by steps, porch-sheltered, to the door ;

No archway raise to span the roof'd approach,  
Which though from rain it may protect the coach,  
Gives gathered force to every wind that blows,—  
Nor man nor horse to such a blast expose.  
Clog not with cumbrous billiard board the hall  
To greet new comers with its noisy ball ;  
If here ill-placed, upon its surface set,  
The hat rain-drench'd, will leave a stain of jet.  
Let not the way that leads thereto disgrace  
The guesten-chamber's well-proportioned space,  
A labyrinth of lobby, void of clue,  
To guide strange feet as lost they wander through.  
Oft up five steps our weary knees we bend,  
That level reached, again by five descend.  
Where treasur'd lore the laden shelves sustain,  
Sacred to study, there let stillness reign.  
The morning meal enlivened by its gleam  
Of Eastern sky may catch the cheerful beam,  
But evening banquet is by glare opprest  
Of slanting sun-ray if it face the west ;  
Let space and width be in the stair display'd,  
The feeble foot by helping handrail stay'd,  
Your gentle progress to the summit led  
By easy riser and expansive tread ;

18      *A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LANDLORDS.*

Into three rooms ne'er one long gallery split,  
No folding doors within its walls admit ;  
Stone, wood, or plaster, you may gild or paint,  
But gold and colour need a due restraint.  
My verse encumbering, it would naught avail  
To note each trifle, dwell on each detail ;  
From Bacon's page you maxims old may gain,  
And modern hints from later pens obtain ;  
However cheap, whate'er is bad eschew,  
Let all be real, all be strictly true ;  
Shun all excess, avoid all vain expense,  
True taste is founded upon common sense ;  
What most offends, what most the whole will damn,  
The sin no beauty can redeem is SHAM.

Elsewhere though architects escape a fall,  
The Lodge nigh proves a stumbling-block to all ;  
A hut within, without a Doric fane,  
Who passing by his laughter can restrain !  
In Greek attire with sandals on her feet,  
So draped, its dame would make the farce complete !  
Oft-times a plaything from the toy-shop ta'en,  
With barge-board fringed and topped with glittering vane,

Oft-times a round tower, shaped like chimney pot,  
By loop-hole lit, a castellated cot !  
Such Mrs. Grundy on her mantel fills  
With cedar matches or with twisted spills.

Approach the gateway at right angle true,  
Nor slant the road-line through the posts askew ;  
May your wide park, from every formal tree,  
From clump, and belt, and circling hedgerow free,  
With oaks be studded, varying each in form,  
Whose trunks through ages have defied the storm ;  
If 'tis not yours to see the herded deer  
In park high-pal'd their antlered heads uprear,  
Let Highland beeves, while fattening for the mart,  
A charm of wildness to the scene impart.

Of Gardens needless the delight to tell ;  
Who prize their charms will cultivate them well ;  
Stretched 'neath the window let the terrace lie,  
Where ruby tints with emerald verdure vie ;  
Gems of bright flower in tinted gravel set,  
In circles boss'd, or interlined in fret ;  
Such foreground needed to enhance the view  
Of sunny meads, and hills in distant blue ;

20      *A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LANDLORDS.*

Favoured, indeed, if midway intervene  
Some glassy lake to mirror the fair scene,  
Or some broad river with its silent flow  
And eddying current sweep the vale below.—  
As costly china, on the shelf arrayed,  
With care is dusted and with care relaid,  
So let the terrace with nice hand be kept,  
Each vase adjusted, every alley swept ;  
O'er flowers when faint let moistening spray be thrown,  
Each freckling daisy from the green plot mown ;  
No forest tree by autumn wind swept bare  
Sere leaves to scatter o'er the trim parterre,—  
Let tapering cypress here extend its shade,  
And stately cedars break the balustrade ;  
From yew tree, fashioned to fantastic shape,  
Clip the young growth, nor let one shoot escape ;  
Where art reigns absolute with tyrant sway,  
Nature enslaved must each caprice obey ;  
To rest inviting, range the frequent seat  
Alcoved or sheltered from the sunbeam's heat,  
Where noonday dreams may through the fancy flit,  
Or whispering lovers in the moonlight sit ;  
With stream unceasing, if both night and day  
Gush forth its waters, let the fountain play ;

But vex us not with jet up-towering high  
When one short hour exhausts its scant supply,  
Like braggart aiming at pretentious show,—  
The fountain's charm lies in abundant flow.

Elsewhere create a wilderness of sweets,  
Mix'd beds untrammelled by such quaint conceits,  
No flowers with titles longer than their stalk,  
With these let pedants interweave their talk,  
But such as once were in the Pleasaunce reared,  
Familiar names by poet's song endeared !  
Here violets nestle in the early spring,  
Here Clove-carnations forth their fragrance fling,  
Nigh Love-lies-bleeding Balm and Heartscase grow,  
Here with bent head Narcissus white as snow.  
Here blushing rose by wing of zephyr fanned  
Gives forth fresh perfume as its leaves expand ;  
Here turns the Sunflower, here unrivalled towers  
The fragrant Lily, loveliest queen of flowers !

Choice herbs, once held by housewives in esteem,  
These worthy still of careful culture deem,  
Whence toiling bees may gather sweet supply,  
And honey-laden store the hive hard by ;

Let sheltering shrubs uprear a verdant screen,  
 Bleak winter gladdening with their summer sheen ;  
 Here let the gilt or silvered holly-leaf  
 Mid deeper foliage shine in bright relief ;  
 Here golden Thuja, gorgeously arrayed ;  
 Yews here unclipped, the shaded lawn invade ;  
 The upright Juniper, the feathering spray  
 Of Savine,—Ilex, Arbutus, and Bay ;  
 Vain task to number, or their names rehearse,  
 A group too crowded to implant in verse.

These let the lawn within its fence confine,  
 Nor let one truant overstep the line ;  
 “E’en in an ornament its place remark,”—  
 By Pope thus warned, spot not the timbered park  
 With Pine or Cedar ;—garnish not the wood  
 With Deodara where green Holly stood ;  
 With Laurel, Box, nor Rhododendron shade  
 The velvet moss that carpets all the glade.  
 Go, ye who doubt what I would fain instil,  
 Go, climb the summit of High Stanner’s hill ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The High Stanner surmounts the range of hills on which stands Peckforton Castle, the residence of Lord Tollemache. Its quarries supplied the whole of the stone with which the castle was built.



Uplifted Fir-tops thence o'erlook the vale,  
O'er red-stone fragments Honeysuckles trail ;  
There the broad way, from every leaf swept clean,  
Winds, gently sloping through the woodland scene :  
There April suns the Bilberry leaf unfold  
And clothe each glade as 'twere with cloth of gold ;  
Each straggling growth, in wild confusion twined,  
Yet all in beauteous harmony combined ;  
By meddling schemer no smooth vista planned,  
No thicket trimm'd by the " improver's " hand.

'Tis sweet to wander through the meadows green,  
Through paths made fragrant by the scented bean ;  
Sweet to see corn-field badged,<sup>1</sup> and wheatsheaf bound,  
And golden hillocks pile the stubble ground ;  
But sweeter far to walk the greenwood glade,  
Where nature smiles, in witching charms arrayed,  
Free from constraint,—and they who nature love  
Still find fresh joy where'er their footsteps rove ;  
There thrills at eve the nightingale his lay,  
There, mingled wood-notes greet the wakening day,

<sup>1</sup> In the midland counties to "badger" is to reap with a sharp-edged blade, which is called a badging-hook ; the term sickle is applied only to one with a saw-tooth edge.



24      *A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LANDLORDS.*

There, flowers in spring time from their shelter'd beds  
Through withered fern leaves thrust their tiny heads ;  
There white Anemones in clusters lie,  
Brilliant as stars that gem the midnight sky ;  
Wild Hyacinths blossoming the dell bestrew,  
Their azure borrowed from the sapphire's hue ;  
Ere yet they fade, like mimic column tall,  
Up shoots the bracken and o'ertops them all ;  
There cherry wild, with milkwhite blossom gay,  
There Thorn o'erburdened with the bloom of May ;  
The Cornel leaves which, ere they yet fall down,  
The chill of Autumn dyes a russet brown ;  
The shining Holly hung with coral beads,  
Whose winter store the hungry fieldfare needs ;  
All elsewhere frozen, 'neath whose foliage still  
The woodcock lights and deeply sheaths his bill ;  
By woodman's craft stripped naked from its spray  
The Hazel crate-rods well his toil repay ;  
Cleft from the Alders which the brook o'ershade  
In clogs dry-shod the ditcher plies his spade ;  
While for naught else, not e'en for oven, fit  
The household skewer is from the elder<sup>1</sup> split,—

<sup>1</sup> I never heard from what the superstition arose, but it is considered by country people most unlucky to burn the wood of the elder tree.

Here, ere she give her yearly litter birth,  
The vixen burrows in the bank her earth,  
And watches thence, as yet too young to stray,  
Her cubs that gambol in the moonlight ray ;  
If worth his wage, these with unceasing care  
The keeper guards, from poison and from snare.

A weightier subject now my pen invites,  
The landlord's duty, and the tenant's rights ;  
With fear and trembling I approach the theme,  
A friend to both, I both alike esteem.—  
Made one at Gretna who before were twain,  
Once blacksmith's hammer forg'd the nuptial chain ;  
The auctioneer, to laird and tenant priest,  
The Scottish farm is still by hammer leas'd ;  
But thence no friendly intercourse they share,  
Though linked by law, a separated pair ;  
The highest bidder, he who wins the race,  
May snap his fingers in the landlord's face ;  
Long through the years of his extended lease,  
By cost and skill his well-earned gains increase,  
But ere it close he then, to pile the stack,  
Scrapes bare each acre and gives nothing back ;

Thenceforth though straw be, Pharoah-like, denied,  
The tale of bricks must duly be supplied ;  
The oyster sucked, he bids the laird farewell  
And leaves him nothing but the empty shell.  
More worth that rental where, since days of old,  
The same name lingers on its page enrolled,  
Where honest hearts in honesty confide,  
More firmly knit than if by red tape tied ;  
To tenant striving to improve his land,  
The generous owner lends a helping hand,  
Soothes his ill fortune with well-timed relief,  
Shares in his joy, and sorrows in his grief.  
To both (and both may on its truth rely)  
Will *qui non dat non accipit* apply.  
This maxim well the thriving tenant knows,  
He plenty reaps who plentifully sows.  
They win no profit who begrudge fair cost,—  
Who labour slackly, theirs is labour lost.  
All needed building willingly bestow :  
The rent may fairly with the farmstead grow.  
Leave not too loose nor strain too tight the screw,  
From that neglect, from this will hate ensue ;  
'Tis like the wheel which on the axle turns,  
Too slack it lags, if overtight it burns.

Advice unask'd ne'er intermeddling give,  
They know their business best who by it live ;  
Tell not the practised housewife when to turn  
Her cheese, nor teach the dairymaid to churn.  
Some deem old pasture better feeds the cow,  
Some for green crops upturn it with the plough ;  
From showyard one a high-bred favourite culls,  
One swears an Ayrshire is the best of bulls ;  
Some think—though laughed at they perchance are right—  
That cow milks best which finds a rush to bite ;  
Some choose that seed which others most condemn ;  
While all ends well, such matters leave to them ;  
This one excepted—firm, nay stubborn, here,  
Assert your right and sternly interfere—  
Howe'er importunate the tenant's prayer,  
Strip not with axe the timbered hedgerow bare ;  
Where else for shelter from the midday heat,  
Or driving rain storm, can the herd retreat ?  
Shame be to those who taxed our English oak,  
Short-sighted, they the Muse's ire provoke.  
That heart of oak, the theme of Dibdin's pen,  
The time may come when we shall need again ;  
That heart of oak which once from shore to shore  
Our flag triumphant still to victory bore.

28      *A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LANDLORDS.*

An earnest Churchman you at heart may be,  
Still from all hate, from all intolerance free ;  
If pressed to argue, as you may be oft,  
Smooth angry question by an answer soft ;  
Truth, gently urged, will pierce the thickest skin,  
And without wounding reach the heart within ;  
Point where that text in Holy Writ is found  
" The Church, of truth the pillar and the ground,"  
Tell, nursed by pride, how heresy crept in,  
Call separation schism, and schism a Sin.

Nor less befriend who need your tender care,  
Who many a hardship uncomplaining bear,  
From vigorous manhood who to feeble age  
From dawn to sunset labour hard for wage ;  
Task work for farm, or day work for the squire,  
The labourer still is worthy of his hire ;  
Pay with fair wage a fair day's work when done,  
Well if all gains as honestly were won ;  
In trouble succour him, when wrong'd, redress,  
And make his home a home of happiness ;  
No lure of gold, which California yields,  
Deludes him then to quit his native fields ;

Then Demagogue and Unionist alike  
In vain harangue him, too content to "strike."

If true "more blest to give than to receive,"  
How easy here a blessing to achieve !  
A costly robe, a gift of jewels rare,  
The eyes may dazzle of the rich and fair ;  
The simplest offerings with more pleasure rife  
Win thanks more honest from the poor man's wife ;  
The homeliest present fills her heart with glee,  
A gown, a blanket, or a gift of tea.

Fit agent choose in whom to put your trust,  
Alike to tenant and to landlord just ;  
In all pertaining to his office skilled,—  
Beyond his province 'tis to plant or build.

Each relic left of mediæval skill  
Prize and preserve,—build new whate'er you will ;  
But not alone defend it from the foe,  
Friends, well intending, may inflict the blow ;  
Ofttimes restorers, zealous over much,  
By renovation mar what they retouch :—  
In sculptured effigy of days gone by,  
If high-born dame on tomb recumbent lie,

30      *A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LANDLORDS.*

Re-chisel not the mutilated fold  
Of robe or ruff, nor patch with new the old ;  
If rent the figure of some mail-clad knight,  
Heal not the scars of Puritanic spite ;  
New blazoned coat will anger more provoke  
Than the cleft shield which Cromwell's hammer broke ;  
In these recorded, if untouched, we note  
The love that reared them and the hate that smote.

He who at heart the poor man's comfort heeds  
A word of warning on the cottage needs :  
If built anew, together let the pair  
Within; without, be planned with nicest care ;  
The doors apart,—discordant if too near,  
One inmate's clamour stuns her neighbour's ear ;  
Dwarf arch the floor, the chimney ne'er misplace  
Betwixt two doorways, in an unscreened space,—  
Not yet discovered by the builder's craft,  
Would I could teach how to ensure its draught !  
Up from the kitchen let the staircase flee,<sup>1</sup>  
So placed, the front is from intrusion free ;

<sup>1</sup> This arrangement adds much to the comfort of a Cottage. "The House-place," especially when occupied by an invalid, ought not to be a passage-way to the bedrooms.

Three rooms above let wife and children claim,  
One only needful for the widow'd dame ;  
Thrash'd straw no more supplies a covering fit,  
By torturing engine mangl'd, crush'd and split ;  
A roof of tile must now the walls o'er-spread,  
Whiche'er best pleases, brindled, blue or red,  
A cottage still should but a cottage be,  
Nor ape the semblance of gentility ;  
Plain, simple, honest,—as should be the man  
Who dwells within it,—both in style and plan.—  
Some interlap, plain brickwork to conceal,  
Sliced planks of sawn attenuated deal ;  
Such lime and lath some think the eye will cheat,—  
A timber building in their own conceit !  
Panel and plank, alternate black and white,  
The painted gew-gaw then perfection quite !

Of all the errors which vile taste has nurs'd,  
Old brick defaced with whitewash is the worst,<sup>1</sup>  
When time-stained wall the sweeping lime-brush smears,  
And each warm tint that clothed it disappears ;

<sup>1</sup> A melancholy instance of this may be seen in that once interesting specimen of an old Cheshire house, Holford Hall. One day's whitewashing sufficed utterly to destroy the effect of the brickwork which had stood untouched for two centuries and a half.



32     *A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LANDLORDS.*

Thus motley clown in pantomime bestreaks  
With chalk or flour his forehead and his cheeks.

With ruthless haste, ere cautiously survey'd,  
Let not old building in the dust be laid :  
Patron of Art,—one of that title vain—  
May still a Goth be on his own domain :  
From rival bidders cost whate'er it may,  
A Ruysdael landscape he will bear away,  
Then straight demolish with unsparing hand  
Some living picture that adorns his land.

If grief permit, of such a picture's fate,  
Remember'd well, I will a tale relate :  
Near a green lane a gabl'd dwelling stood,  
Time's hand had mellowed brickwork, stone, and wood ;  
Its site secluded,—thence the name it took,—  
Who once had seen it ne'er forgot "The Nook ;"  
It passed to one who gave it not a thought,  
Nor cared to visit what his purse had bought.  
Expert in Stucco and in "Fronts" first rate,  
Sad day, when thither, to decide its fate,  
A builder came,—and, by the owner sent,  
A lawyer too—who knows with what intent ?

Save that red tape he to his law bills sticks,  
What claim had he to meddle with red bricks !  
The curtsying housewife greets them with a smile,  
The builder eyes contemptuously the pile,  
Scans the grey stone-slates which the roof encumber,  
The beams unbent beneath its weight of lumber,  
Yet, while pretending to survey it o'er,  
He doomed its downfall ere he cross'd its door ;  
Old houses patched will scarce patch up a bill,  
New-built they bring much profit to the till.  
" Sir, take advice—if you have eyes to see,  
Your own opinion will with mine agree—  
Take my advice, rebuild it spic and span,  
With your permission I will send a plan."  
The Lawyer thought he understood the case,  
Confirmed the verdict and condemned the place.  
" Not long shall such on this estate be seen,  
Like parchment-blot it must be scratched out clean."  
The widow heard them through the open door,  
Her eyes were tearful, and her heart was sore ;  
She looked at both with an imploring face,  
" Spare, spare, good gentles, spare the dear old place !  
I love this dwelling for its own old sake,  
Still more for his whom Heaven was pleased to take."—

They, while the drops fall trickling from her eye,  
Their shoulders shrug and bid the dame " Good-bye."

Workmen ere long with axe and hammer came,  
Such e'en to them appeared a deed of shame ;  
No taint of rot was in the timber found,  
As when first morticed all was firm and sound ;  
Beams hard as iron turned the blunted axe,  
Blow follows blow ere they their hold relax ;  
Relentless still, its work Destruction plies,  
" The Nook " at last a crumbled ruin lies.

Upsprang the new one, as unlike the old  
As chalk to cheese is, or as dross to gold ;  
The roof span flattened, and the timbers thin,  
Cheerless without, and comfortless within ;  
No porch projecting, no wide chimnied hall,  
No chamfer'd mullion in the nine-inch wall ;  
Up from the ground it like a mushroom shot,  
Our only hope it may as quickly rot !

Worse evil still when Prodigal impairs  
His father's home, and blots the name he bears.

Now "waste not want not" few that adage heed,  
'Tis haste and waste that to destruction lead.  
How many a hearth has Pride with ruin strown !  
How many a Hall has luxury o'erthrown !  
By reckless Squire or vain unthrifty Dame,  
Sunk in oblivion many an honoured name !  
Broad lands by worth or deed of valour won  
In line unbroken held from sire to son,  
Those acres clutched by money-making hand,  
Then factories smoke, and poison taints the land.  
By speed of railway to excitement stirred  
Fast all must travel,—oh that fatal word !  
Fast youth, fast age, and frequent at the ball,  
Fast girls astound us faster far than all.  
Oh youth incautious, take not such to wife,  
A giddy partner through the dance of life !  
Choose one more willing, more expert  
To sway the household than to play the flirt,  
Clothed with those charms which lastingly endure,  
Through weal or woe which changeless love ensure.

Now Country Hall how rarely neighbours fill,  
Where'er we gather it is London still !

36      *A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LANDLORDS.*

Each in vain show ambitious to excel,  
Each frog though bursting to an ox must swell.  
Landlords who love and would your country serve  
Wrong not your trust, nor from its duties swerve ;  
"Live and let live,"— shame, whether small or great,  
If self-indulgence burden the estate ;  
Childless yourself, still he, who next succeeds,  
Claims at your hand whate'er his station needs ;  
Squire in the Hall, or Monarch on the Throne,  
Whate'er man hath he may not call his own.



1







STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY  
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY  
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-1  
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 c

DATE DUE



